

Christmas CAROLS

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR

(Key of B Flat)

It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
they bend on hovering wings,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The Blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the Age of Gold.
When peace shall over all the earth
its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world gives back the song,
Which now the angels sing.



AWAY IN A MANGER

Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down His sweet head,
The stars in the bright sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,
The Baby awakes,
But little Lord Jesus
No crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus;
Look down from the sky
And stay by my side
Until morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus,
I ask Thee to stay
Close by me for ever,
And love me, I pray.
Bless all the dear children
In Thy tender care,
And fit us for heaven,
To live with Thee there.



ADESTE, FIDELES

Adeste, fideles,
Laeti, triumphantes;
Venite, venite in Bethlehém.
Natum videte
Regem angelorum
Refrain)
Venite adoremus, venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus, Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
Lumine de lumine.
Gestant puellae viscera.
Deum verum
Genitum, non factum

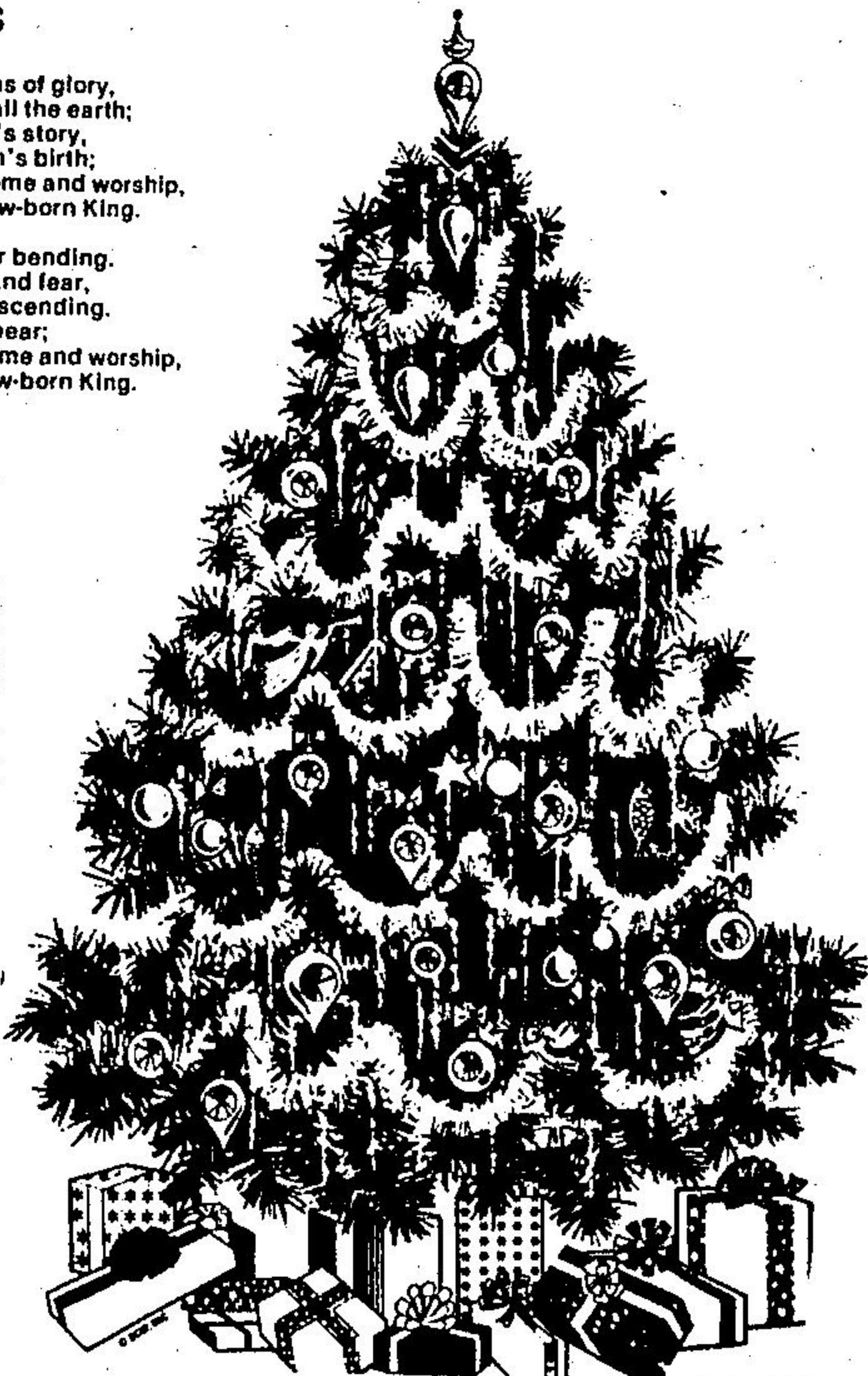
Cantet nunc aula,
Chorus angelorum;
Cantet nunc aula caelestium
Gloria!
In excelsis Deo!

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesus, tibi sit gloria;
Patris aeterni,
Verbum caro factum.

ANGELS

Angels from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship, come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born King.



We'd like to wish you a

**HAPPY
HOLIDAY
SEASON**



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